

# ENGELSE DIGTE af Børge Fruelund Jensen

## A POEM ON GOD

I sit in silence, deep in thought  
Upon the quietness inside God  
To whom no pronoun can refer  
For he and she and it are words  
That cannot to that Being relate  
From whom the world does emanate;  
Who effortlessly, in a vacuum  
Built up a world, controlled the atom;  
The Greek philosophers nearly had it  
When they declared it built on Spirit,  
For if instead of that we say  
That it was built on energy  
The very chair on which I sit  
Is all the time held up by Spirit,  
For in the thought of Plotinus  
Energy clearly equals NOUS,  
So that in fact our modern physics  
Speak with the tongue of ancient mystics

## TO MY BELOVED ANTONIA

She walks around as usual  
On fast and busy kitchen legs  
We touch the largely un-congenial  
And mainly funny theme of sex.  
  
And while she gently laughs and cooks  
And strikes her hair, for she is vain,  
I do my best to tell her jokes  
From obscure regions of my brain.  
  
We both have scientific minds  
And this is not strange territory,  
For I have asked what skin one finds  
In the vaginal interiors.

We smile and laugh, the jokes grow worse,  
Two cultures share what all we know,  
We laugh so loud my limping verse  
For such amusement is too slow.  
  
For what is much the funniest thing  
Is laughing loud and joking thus  
We never for a moment think  
Such crazy things could interest us.

#### UNA DONNA MAFIOSA

Nedenstående digt kan kun helt forstås hvis man ved at på SICULI, det gamle sprog på Sicilien fra endnu før føniskere, grækere, romere osv. indtog og koloniserede øen, betyder ordet MAFIOSO "uknækket" som når man siger om en hest der endnu ikke er "knækket" som ridedyr og trækdyr. Digtet er til en kvinde i en bar ved navn Birgit.

To Birgit.

She stands there in the smoky bar  
Her limbs are smooth, her laugh contagious,  
The masses of her curly hair  
Fall like rivers on her shoulders.

Alas I feel my growing age,  
She is in fact a good deal younger  
And sees me as the barroom sage  
Who at my table daily ponder  
Deep themes in life, but she is wrong  
It is herself, a living wonder  
I watch as I compose this song.

Ancient sicilians had a word  
That in her case beats GRAZIOSA  
It may surprise you when it's spoken  
For it is actually MAFIOSA.

And it is a poetic duty  
To praise her young, unbridled beauty  
Although when it is humbly done  
I still sit at the bar alone.